



• Morris • Scalp.

*Come here, fellow-servants, and purchase my Fu
 • It will teach ye to Jett, and to Ruzzle, and Pur
 • And 'twill make ye all merry—as sure as a Gun*

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FUN for the KITCHEN:

O R,

A DISH of ALL SORTS.

Being a merry COLLECTION of

WOKES,	BULLS,	PUNS,
STORIES,	BON MOTS,	CONUNDRUMS,
TALES,	WHIMS,	RIDDLES,
REPARTEES,	FROLICKS,	REBUSSES,
WAGGERIES,	GAMBOLS,	EPIGRAMS, &c.

calculated to cure the Spleen, banish Sorrow,
drown Care, quicken the Senses, and to make
joyful Hearts and merry Countenances.

*The Jovious, the Witty, the Young, and the Gay,
With this merry Companion may pass Time away;
And when they of Laughing and Jesting are tir'd,
They may lay IT aside—and that's all is requir'd.*

By FRISKY FUNNYMAN,
BOOK to the LAUGHING SOCIETY in
Covent - Garden.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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[Price SIX - PENCE.]

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A
COLLECTION
OF
MERRY JESTS, &c.



Wealthy *London* Tradesman courted a rich Farnier's Daughter in *Buckinghamshire*. He us'd frequently to take a Ride to see her; and one Day, when she saw him come into the Yard, she went to meet him, and said, *I am sorry, my Dear, we are no better provided for your Coming; we have nothing for Dinner, but Bubble and Squeak. Bubble and Squeak!* re-

B

ply'd

ply'd the Tradesman, *pray what is that? Why that you will see presently*, said she, *for our Dinner is just ready.* The Family were collected together, and a large Dish of boil'd Salt Beef, cut into Slices and fry'd with Cabbage, was put upon the Table. The *Londoner* eat very hearty; and after Dinner, the Farmer said, *Well, Sir, how do you like Bubble and Squeak? Why really, Farmer,* reply'd he, *I like it very well: And I assure you, had not Dinner been ready soon, I should have Bubbled and Squeak'd too, for I had a very keen Appetite.*

A *Frenchman*, who spoke very broken *English*, having some Words with his Wife, endeavour'd to call her Bitch, but could not recollect the Name. At last he thought he had done it, by saying, *Begar, mine Deare, but you be vone vile Dog's Wife.* *Aye, that's true enough,* answer'd the Woman, *the more is my Misfortune.*

An Officer in the Customs at the Port of *Liverpool*, running carelessly along the Ship's Gunnel, tipp'd overboard, and was drowned. Being soon taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summoned to sit upon the Body. One of the Jurymen returning Home, was called to by an Alderman of the Town, and asked what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de se*? *Ay, ay,* says the Jurymen, shaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea sure enough.*

An

An *Irish* Officer in *Minorca* was found by a Gentleman, who came to visit him in a Morning, a little ruffled; and being ask'd the Reason, he replied, That he had lost a Pair of fine Black Silk Stockings out of his Room, that cost him Eighteen Shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a Reward of Half a Crown for the Person who brought them. His Friend observing, that this was too poor a Recompence for such a Pair of Silk Stockings: *Pho, Man*, replied he, *I directed the Cryer to say they were Worsted.*

The Cryer of *Ross*, being ordered to cry an Heifer that was missing, perform'd the Principal Part after this Manner: *Lost last Saturday, from Marcle, a Cole-black Heifer, with three white Legs and a bald Face.*

A Man, meeting a Weaver upon a mighty lean Jade of a Horse, said, *Weaver, why do you accustom yourself to ride so hard? Hard!* said the Weaver, who always went a Snail's Gallop; *why do you think I ride hard? Because you have rode all the Flesh off your Horse's Back,* said the other.

An *Irishman*, at *Chester*, enquir'd of his Landlord, How he should get to *London*? Being told, he might go in the Waggon. He replied, *No, Honey, that will never do; I am always Sea-sick, when I ride in a Waggon:*

Besides, Joy, I can walk as fast as two Wag-gons.

A brave gallant Knight of this Kingdom, being of goodly and tall Stature, walking into *Westminster-Hall*, met a very low, little, lame Gentleman, with a prodigious long and broad Sword under his Arm; whereat the Knight wondering, took the little Gentleman by the Shoulder, and said, *My little pretty Fellow, why dost thou carry that Weapon?* The other suddenly answer'd, *Thou great long Oak, to cut down thy Water-boughs.*

A Captain, coming to visit a very merry mad Knight his Countryman, the Knight instantly, before many other Gentlemen, began to enter into the Commendations of the Captain; telling what rare and wonderful Exploits he had done at the Siege of *St. Quintin's*. Truly, said the Captain, *it was not strange; for, as I remember, the Armour I wore that Day, was as thick as between White-Hall and St. Quintin's.* Why, were you not there? said the Knight. No, truly, said the Captain. Why, it is no Matter, said the Knight, *for I know, if you had been there, you would have done as much as I have reported.*

A Gentleman accompanying on the Way a great Officer of *Spain*, who wore a huge Chain about his Neck, with a great *St. James* hanging

hanging down his Breast before; at parting, this Gentleman's Horse was so unruly, that he could not easily manage him, but still he frisk'd and caper'd, and cross'd the Officer on the Way: Whereupon the Officer asking him what his Horse ailed? He answer'd, *And like your Honour, he is like a Hackney Fade; which wheresoever it sees a Sign hang out, thinks straight it is an Inn, and will not pass it: So it is with my Horse, and your Honour's Ornament about your Neck.*

Two Gentlemen were at Variance, and the one of them sent his trusty Servant to an old Gentleman, his Neighbour, to solicit his Favour on his Behalf: Whereunto the old Gentleman made this Answer, *That he, for his Part, was rather sorry for their mutual Enmities, being both his very good Neighbours, than that he would any ways be a Party therein, other than in a Way to attone them to his Power, and make them good Friends again.* The Serving-man delivering this Answer to his Master, the Gentleman, all in a Huff, said, *What an old Fool is he, that will be angry with Nobody?*

A Gentleman, conversing merrily among several Gentlewomen, they said unto him, *Beware you speak no more such Follies, for fear we bind you.* He answer'd, *Being yourselves all loose, will you bind me?*

B 3

A busy

A busy Fellow was telling a virtuous Gentleman, how *Such-a-one* spake ill of him behind his Back, in the Presence of a great many. *Of a great many*, answer'd the Gentleman: *Believe me, so I had rather one should say ill of me before many, than many before one.*

One saying to a Gentleman, *Sir, methinks you have built your House well for Summer, but not for Winter.* He answer'd, *Belike you think I have less Wit than wild Geese, that cannot shift my Abode with every Season.*

A Gentleman having a Rundlet of Sack in his House, a Friend of his coming to visit him, he invited him down into his Cellar to taste his Sack; where, said he, *For want of another Cup, I have an excellent Cain to drink out of.* No, *I thank you, Sir*, said the other, *for I know then I shall not be Abel to come up again.*

Two or three Gentlemen, one of whose Names was *Sampson*, talking of the coming of the *Spanish Fleets*, says one of them, *What need we puzzle ourselves thus to raise up an Army, when Sampson here is able to conquer them all?* True, said *Sampson*, *if I had one of thy Jaw-bones, I should do Miracles.*

A Gen-

A Gentleman came hungry Home, and called for Dinner. His Man answer'd, *That it was but new strucken Ten.* *Tut,* said the Gentleman, *tellest thou me of Ten by the Clock, being Twelve by my Stomach.*

A very civil Gentleman, walking in Conversation with other his Companions, staid talking by the Way with a plain Countryman, who met him, and deliver'd him a Letter: And because his Parly was somewhat long, the others were discontented, and walked on before; who, at last overtaking them, said, *Gentlemen, it is no less honourable to answer an Inferior, than to comply with an Equal.*

A young Gentleman that had followed the Wars, complained, when he came Home, of the Sciatica: And being asked how he came by that Ach? He answer'd, *By lying in frank Tenelements,* viz. upon the bare Earth.

One asking a Gentleman, his Acquaintance, what good Horses he had; he answer'd, *As stately a one as ever you saw.* The other then being desirous to see it, to the Stable they went; where, when they came, a piteous poor Jade it was, of pure Skin and Bone: But looking still about for the said stately Horse, and not seeing any such there, he wondered, and often ask'd where he was. The other answered, *Why look here, where*
he

he stands, pointing to the poor Jade. *I warrant you, quoth he, that he goes not above Half a Mile an Hour though he were to die for it, and can you have a statelier Horse than so?*

At the Siege of *Barcelona*, a *Portuguese* Horseman entered, in the Enemy's Throng, into the Town-Gate, and wrote with Chalk within the Gate, *Hitherto* adventured *Vasco Fernandes*. The next Day, a *Spaniard* hearing him boast thereof, was no less adventurous, and bravely hazarded himself the next Skirmish in at the same Gate; and wrote with a Coal, beyond his, *Hitherto* *Vasco Fernandes* did not adventure.

A valiant Soldier, being demanded how many Men he durst encounter withal at once; he answer'd, *If he be an honest Man, one is enough; if Villains, a whole Street full.*

A Novice Soldier, putting on his first Harness, trembled and said, *Now that I see myself in Arms, I am afraid of myself.*

A Soldier that in his Mirth was most gracious, and in his Rage intolerable; one said, *That he was like a Quince, that helps Digestion well, and yet is itself hard to digest.*

A Gentleman from Court, paying a Visit to a Man of Quality who had been some Time in the Country, the Lord ask'd him what People
said

said of him at Court—*Really, my Lord, replied he, I heard nothing of your Lordship, either Good or Bad:* Upon which the Nobleman called for his Servants, and ordered them to thrash his new Guest heartily; which being done, my Lord gave him a Purse of fifty Pieces, saying, *Now, when thou returnest, thou mayest report both Good and Bad of me.*

Emanuel, King of Portugal, being to ride a Hunting, willed his Steward to provide him Dinner in a Banqueting-House, which he had in the Forest, and that it should consist only of such Meats as had no Blood in them, viz. Salads and Fruits altogether. A Gallant overhearing such to be the King's Order, stepped straight to a Gentleman, his Companion, and drawing forth his Sword, presented it to the King; and said, It may then please your Majesty to taste hereof, for by my Faith it never yet drew Blood of any, and in itself the Devil a Drop it hath.

A merry Gentleman, seeing a Gallant that was bound for the *Indies*, walking the Streets, his Hat cocked, and befeathered with all Kind of colour'd Plumes, said, *When, a God's Name, will this Woodcock fly? For well I see he hath all his Feathers about him.*

Three Farmer's Sons, who through their Pur-ses were made Knights, coming to visit a Gentleman

tleman who was an exceeding great House-keeper, and finding there divers Gentlemen ; the Knights, after Dinner, ask'd what Sport they should go to ? *Why*, said the Good Man of the House, *to Bowls, if you please ; and we three Gentlemen, and no Knights, will play against you three Knights, and no Gentlemen.*

A Gallant, standing in a great Study, a Gentlewoman ask'd him what he thought of ? He answered, *Of nothing.* *What do you think of*, said she, *when you think of Nothing ? Truly*, Madam, replied he, *of Womens Constancy.*

A young Master, that had wasted a good Inheritance in a very short Space, one said in Mockage of him, *Whereas Earth useth to consume all other Men, this Gallant hath consumed Earth.*

A vain Gallant ran his Head by Chance against another's Belly, and the Company asking this other how he felt his Belly ; he answer'd, *Perfectly well, for a Wind-bladder never gives a great Blow.*

A young Master was new come to his Living, and his Mother blaming his Unthriftiness, all in a Pet he said unto her ; *Faith, Mother, taunt me so but once more, and for Spight I'll sell you all the Land and Living I have.* So may you well do, Son, answer'd the Mother ; *yea, if you should sell it all but for Six-pence, yet should*

should you be no Loser thereby, for it never cost you a Groat.

A Dutcheß was jealous of a fair Gentlewoman, conceiting that she used some unlawful Means to win her Duke to her Love, and in this Mind sent for her to murder her. The innocent Gentlewoman suspecting no such Danger, came; and, being in the Place of Death, the Dutcheß regarding her exceeding rare Beauty, dismiss'd her again; saying, *It is thy Beauty hath slain me, and saved thee.*

The Earl of *Cadra*, being a very valiant Gentleman, arming himself on a Time to go to engage the Enemy, his Gentlemen greatly wondered to see him so tremble and quiver all the Time his Armour was putting on; which the Earl perceiving, said, *See, see, Sirs, how basely my Flesh quakes, to think in what a Peck of Troubles my adventurous Heart will put it in anon.*

The Marquis of *Comares*, talking with the President of *Cordua*, said unto him, *That the Romans maintained a rich Common-wealth, and but mean Houses; and the Spaniards rich Houses, and but a hungry Common-wealth.*

The Marquis of *Santilla* used to say, *That Ceremonies are enough for Strangers, but Deeds besit Friends.*

A poor Man, coming to a Man in Power to beseech a Favour of him; thus began—*May it please*

please your Majesty, to pity my Case: Your Grace will always find me at your Lordship's Devotion: Indeed, your Excellence, I have been hardly used, therefore beseech you, by the Honour of your Knighthood, noble Esquire, that your Worship will grant me some Relief, Sir.—

Here the Gentleman burst out a laughing; saying, *I see, Friend, you are resolved to hit my Title right, for you have ran from the Top to the Bottom of Honour.*

An honest old Gentleman used to say, *A Liar was like counterfeit Coin.*

A Gentleman, meeting a proud Lord, paid him all Reverence due to his Quality; which the Lord slightly returned, by only just touching his Hat: Upon which the Gentleman ask'd my Lord's Page, *Whether his Master was bald or mangy?* The Lacquey, amazed, said, *No, Sir; why do you ask?* *Because,* replied the Gentleman, *I see he is afraid to pull his Hat off.*

Don *Diego de Mendoza*, Earl of *Melito*, used to say, *That in the House where there is a Fountain, there needeth no Cistern; and the Lord that hath Fee enough, need board up no Treasure.*

The Earl of *Cenete*, being a very young Gentleman, at the Siege of *Perpenian* ventured close under the Wall; darted a Launce into the Castle, and came safe away. Soon after a Couple of Horsemen sallied forth out of the Place, and he
seeing

seeing them would have ventured to encounter one of them. His Tutor would not suffer him, but said, *Soft, Sir, I will go before and kill one of them, and then come you after and cut off his Head.* Nay, reply'd the Earl, *rather let me go before and kill one of them, and then come you after and kiss his Tail.*

The Earl of *Lenios* awarded Justice to a Vassal of his, wherewith the Party found himself injur'd, and highly exclaim'd of the Earl's Injustice therein, and indeed the Earl mistook the Matter: Whereupon he sent for the Party the next Day, and said unto him, *My Friend, thy Speeches deserve Laughter, and my Error Reformation.*

One asking *Philip de Mourney, Who was most happy?* He answered, *He that had Health of Body, Wealth of Fortune, and the Knowledge of a Saint.*

An Officer, coming to arrest a Shoemaker within his House, the Shoemaker's Wife so well bestirred her, that she bravely belabour'd the Officer, and in the mean Time her Husband got away. The Officer then came unto the Duke of *Infantasgo*, and complained unto him of the Battery, and of the Shoemaker's Wife's Misusage; alledging, that if so scandalous a Fact were not very severely and speedily corrected, it would greatly redound to his Honour's Disgrace: Whereunto the Duke merrily answered, *Seeing,*

as thou sayest, the Disgrace will be mine, I will freely forgive her.

Henry the Third, King of France, demanded of Monsieur *Dandelot* what especial Things he had noted in *England*, during the Time of his Negotiation there. He answered, that he had seen but three Things remarkable ; which were, *That the People did drink in Boots, eat raw Fish, and strewed all their best Rooms with Hay* : Meaning Black-Jacks, Oysters, and Rushes.

A Pick-thank told Don *Lopez de Haro*, that such a one had greatly misus'd him in Terms behind his Back, advising him to revenge the Injury highly : Whereunto Don *Lopez* answered, *Now I give God Thanks, that though he be able to speak ill of me, yet hath he not the Power to hurt me.*

A Moor Gentleman seldom dined from the Earl of *Urenia's* Board. It chanced, in a Forenoon, that a Tumult arose in the Earl's Palace, the Gentleman not being yet come : But soon after he came, for it was Dinner Time ; whom the Earl seeing, said unto him, *Sir, you are welcome ; though resembling the Smith's Dog, evermore awake at Meal, and asleep at the Anvil.*

Caduidus, King of *Scythia*, being returned from *Greece*, and intending to plant Civil Laws in his Country, was traiterously slain by his own Brother, as he was Hunting ; but, feeling his Death's Wound, he said, *I have been preserv'd*

serv'd among Strangers, by Wisdom and Learning; but am murdered among my Kindred, by Envy.

Charles, King of France, being reproved by one of his Lords for some Fearfulness he had shewed in his Countenance: He said, You are a Fool; he that is without Fear, is without Virtue and sins from Presumption.

Isabella, Queen of Spain, used to say, That every ones good Gesture is a Letter in his Commendation.

The Earl of Warwick asked King Henry the First, Why it pleased his Majesty to go so meanly attir'd? The King answered, It befits a King to excel his Subjects in Virtue, not in Vesture.

Alfred, King of England, used to say, That it is much safer to take Abuse of the Dead, than of the Living (meaning Books) which neither for Fear, nor yet for Flattery, abstain to tell a Truth.

A Moor King of Granada understood the Spanish Tongue reasonable well, and seldom or never spake it. Being asked why he refused so to do, when Occasion was offered? He answered, Because a King ought neither to do or say any Thing, be it ever so trifling, which may not seem him passing well.

Don John, first Duke of Medina Sidonia, being advised by his Treasurer that his Expences

were most excessive, and his Gifts all too liberal ; he answer'd, *I will have the Glory of my House known to the World, not by possessing much Treasure, but by expending much Treasure.*

A Queen ask'd a Country 'Squire, when his Wife would be brought to Bed : He reply'd, *Whenever it shall please your Majesty.*

A Moor King of *Granada*, called *Chiquito*, yielded the said Town to *Ferdinando*, King of *Spain*, upon Composition ; and being march'd away with his Troops a Mile or two from thence, made a Stand, and from a high Hill turned back to view the Town, as his last Farewel thereunto : And beholding it, he fell a weeping, and said, *Better had I lost my Life than so fair a Town.* His Mother hereunto answer'd, *You do well, Son, to weep like a Woman, seeing you did not defend it like a Man.*

Salladine, the Moor (that last of all won *Jerusalem* from the Christians) dying, commanded a Winding Sheet to be borne in Pomp at his Funeral, upon the Point of a Launce, and a Herald to pronounce aloud these Words : *Salladine, great Lord of Asia, of all his Wealth and Glory, only this Winding Sheet he carrieth away with him.*

A *Portuguese*, who had basely deliver'd up a Fort to the King of *Spain*, gain'd thereby a Commission in his Army ; and, being shortly after with the King in an Action against his Countrymen,

Countrymen, the Besieg'd very bravely defende'd their Ramparts: Upon which this *Portuguese* said to the King, *Your Majesty may remember I did not give you Half this Trouble.* No, reply'd the King, *and therefore I wish the Governor of this Castle had your Commission.*

A Nobleman complain'd to his King, That certain Enemies had vowed to put him to Death, and therefore begg'd his Majesty's Protection, which the King readily granted: But shortly after he repeated his Complaints to the King; that, notwithstanding his Protection, he still went in Fear of his Life. To which his Majesty reply'd, *My Lord, I am very sorry for it; but it is not in my Power to protect you from Fear.*

A great King and Conqueror, shewing his Nobles and Officers what vast Heaps of Treasure he had gained from his Enemies, was highly applauded by all around him; and one among the rest, said, *What a prodigious Happiness this would be, if a Man was to live for ever.* That's a foolish Saying, answer'd the Monarch; for, *had Men been immortal, I had never been a King.*

One having many Pictures to hang up in his House, among which one was his own Picture; Well, says he, *here such a Picture shall be hang'd, and there such a Picture, and here I'll be hang'd myself.*

A *Welchman*, lying in an Alehouse, had run up a great deal for Cheese; his Hostess therefore demanded a Shilling. *How the Devil, cuds splutter-a-nails, can that be?* said he. *Why, look here,* said she, pointing to the Score behind the Door. *Ab! that's brave indeed,* said he; *what doth hur think hur does not know Chalk from Cheese?*

Two being in a Tavern together, one would force the other to drink more than he chose, but he desired to be excused. Then he swore, if he did not pledge him, he would run him thorough. *Well,* says he, *seeing it must be so, I will run myself thorough, and then pledge you afterwards:* So he ran through the Door down Stairs, and left him a Pledge for the Reckoning.

Two walking together in the Fields, were at length hemmed in by a great Ditch; which, when they perceived, quoth one of them, *We must go back again, for this Ditch is too big for us to jump over.* Nay, quoth the other, *I protest I'll jump over, tho' I light just in the Middle.*

An Inn-keeper bragged that one of his Beds was so big that two Hundred Constables lay in it at one Time; by which he meant *Two Constables of Hundreds.*

A Country Fellow seeing the Sign of the *Oxford-Arms*, in the *Old Butcher-Row*, in that City, in which is an Ox and an open Book for the

the University; cry'd out, *This may well be called a Place of Learning, where the very Cows con their Lessons.*

A Farmer of *Heddington*, that held a little Estate by Lease for three Lives, and was a very good Jumper, offered to lay a Wager with another Farmer of the same Place, that he could jump over a Stone-Pit in that Parish, that was five Yards over; which being pretty deep, and the Attempt very dangerous, a By-stander endeavoured to dissuade him from so perilous a Feat; and told him, he might lose his Life by so doing. *What care I*, said the Farmer, *han't I a Lease of three Lives?*

Three young Sparks going into a Tavern, saw an elderly Gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said, *Father Abraham, I am glad to see you.* The second entered the Room, and said, *Father Isaac, I hope you are well.* The third followed them, and said, *Father Jacob, shall we drink a Glass with you?* The old Gentleman look'd at them a short Time with an Air of Contempt, and then reply'd, *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul, the Son of Cis, who was sent to seek his Father's Asses; and having found them, left them.* So went out of the Room, and shut them in it.

A Livery Servant, being saucy to a Gentleman in *Christ-Church-Walks*, he threatened the
Fellow.

Fellow with finding out his Master, and making him acquainted with the Badness of his Behaviour. *That you can't do*, says saucy Jack. No! said the Gentleman; *why, an't you a Servant?* Yes, said he, *but I am masterless.* *Ay! how's that?* said the Gentleman; *solve this Paradox, and I'll forgive thee.* O *Absence of Thought!* said the Footman; *I serve a Lady, who is a Mistress, but no Master.*

A Welch Drover, coming through Oxford, asked his Companions, what out-landish People they were, which he saw walking on the Parade before St. Mary's Church? The other, who was a Sage in his own Country, *Cot's hart! cannot hur see, they are Parsons' Prentices.*

A blunt Tike, who was newly become an Ostler at the *King's-Head* in Oxford, was asked by a Gentleman, What Countryman he was? Who reply'd, Yorkshire, Sir. A wag-gish Oxonian being by, asked the poor Fellow, what County Yorkshire was in? After the Man had scratched his Head a little, he drawled out, *I conno well teel you, Mister, unless it be in Durham, or the North Riding.*

An Oxonian, hearing a Man say, he came from Leek in Staffordshire, asked him, If he knew Thomas Johnson's Surname, that once sold Ale in that Town? No, indeed, Sir, said the Countryman, *I do not; I have been from*

from thence some Time, and perhaps have forgot.

A Fellow, who had lived as a Footman in *London*, from the tenth Year of his Age to his twentieth, took a Journey into *Yorkshire*, to see the Cottage he was born in ; and, coming to a River where there was a Ferry, but which happened to be then on the other Side, he walked forwards and backwards by the Side of the River for several Hours. Being at length asked, who he waited for? His Answer was, *That he waited for no-body, but was on his Way to his own Country ; only he tarried 'till the Water was all run away, that he might pursue his Journey dry-shod.*

An *Irish* Schoolmaster at *Bedford*, coming into an Inn where he then boarded, saw Part of a dead Carcase hang up in the Entry ; on which he said to the Host, *Why, Landlord, we shall live well indeed now ; you have killed a Hog, I see.* No, Sir, said the Innkeeper, *it is but Half a Hog.* Odsso ! I ask your Pardon, said the Schoolmaster, *it is but Half a Hog upon my Word now : Pray, Landlord, when do you kill the other Half ?*

Some Countrymen having a large Number of Eggs to send to *London*, were put to it for Hampers to pack them up in. They puzzled their empty Noddles a good while, to no Purpose ; at length an arch Fellow, viewing their unmeaning

ing Faces, said, *What at a Stand! honest Countrymen? Can't you think of some Way to pack up your Eggs? Why, Wounds, one of you pull off your Shoes and Stockings, and tread them down in the Hampers, and you'll soon have Room enough, I warrant you.*

At *Wornal*, near *Ickworth*, there is the Sign of *Ben Johnson* the Poet's Head, hung on a scraggling Tree. A Gentleman on the Road, which is within fifty Yards of the Sign, asked a Fellow what Sign it was, being too far off to read the Supercription. The Villager, after detaining the Gentleman a few Minutes with pulling off his Hat and putting on his Wig, that came off with the Hat, told him, *That no Body knew for certain whose Picture it was, it having been bought second hand at Oxford; but most Folks believed it to be one of the great learned Men, that had studied himself mad, and always went with his Collar-band open, as his Image is pictured.*

A Chimney-sweeper's Boy had just swept the Chimney at a Barber's Shop in *London*, and while the Boy was tying up his Soot, some of the Journeymen, who were at Work in the Shop, being inclined to exercise their Wit on the poor Lad, among other Questions asked him, What Trade his Father was? To which the Boy very archly replied, *What Trade? why, my Father was a Barber: And I might have*

have been a Barber too; but, to tell you the Truth, I did not like such a blackguard Business.

A Gentleman went one wet cold Night into an Inn, in Oxford. As Firing is very dear there, a great many People were in the Kitchen, and the Fire so furrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this, he call'd for the Ostler, and bid him fetch Half a Peck of Oysters, and carry to his Horse. *Oysters for your Horse!* says the Fellow, grinning: *What, Shells and all!* *Aye, aye,* reply'd the Gentleman, *carry them to him unopen'd.* The Fellow fetch'd the Oysters immediately, brought them to the Gentleman in the Kitchen, and ask'd whether they were really to be carried to his Horse: *For,* says he, *I never saw a Horse eat Oysters in my Life. No Matter for that,* reply'd the Gentleman, *carry them to him.* Away he went with the Oysters to the Horse, attended by all the People in the Kitchen. In the mean Time the Gentleman got a rare warm Place in the Chimney Corner, which was what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the Ostler, attended by the Persons who had left the Kitchen, came to acquaint him with a Piece of Intelligence he knew before. *Why, Sir,* says he, *I have put the Oysters into the Manger, and the Devil of one of them will your Horse touch.* *Like enough,* reply'd the Gentleman;

Gentleman; *why then, as he is not in the Humour to eat them now, do you bring the Oysters to me, and give my Horse Half a Peck of Corn instead of them.*

An old Gentleman, being asked by another how he came to be so rich? he answered, *Not by hoarding my Money, but by curbing my Appetites.*

A humorous Fellow, a Carpenter, being subpoena'd as a Witness on a Trial for an Assault; one of the Counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the Evidence, asked him, *What Distance he was from the Parties when he saw the Defendant strike the Plaintiff?* The Carpenter answered, *Just four Feet five Inches and a Half.* *Prithee, Fellow,* says the Counsel, *how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the Distance?* *Why,* to tell you the Truth, says the Carpenter, *I thought perhaps that some Fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it.*

A young Widow of Wit, Beauty, and Fortune, was courted by a Country Gentleman; who, according to the vulgar Notion, thought that those Freedoms which would disgust a Virgin, were absolutely necessary to be used in courting a Widow, and therefore at the first Visit behaved very indelicately, both in Speech and Actions; on which the Lady angrily asked him the Meaning of such rude Behaviour?

He

He replied, *You must excuse me, Widow, it is Spring Time, and the Sap will rise. Truly then, says the Lady, I will rise up too, for you are too sappy for me;* and so getting up, walked off and left him.

A silly Country 'Squire going one Day to visit a young Lady to whom he paid his Addresses, happened to have a little Greyhound Bitch with him; which being a handsome Creature of the Kind, the Lady admired it, saying, *Dear me, what a pretty Dog this is?* *You are mistaken,* answered the Bumpkin, *it is not a Dog, but one of your own Sex, Madam.*

Beau Nash being in a Company, among whom there was a Gentleman who was remarkable for a Kind of rude satyrical Wit, and who having levelled his Jeers at almost all present, chiefly by mimicking their Voices, Gestures, or *taking them off*, as it is commonly called; Nash, expecting it would presently come to his Turn, got up, and was going away. When being asked the Reason of his leaving the Company so soon? He replied, *In order to save the Gentleman the Trouble of taking me off, I think it is best to take myself off;* and so departed,

A simple Fellow was making great Moan, and said, *He had got such a Pain in his Feet,*
D *that*

that he was not able to lift up his Hand to his Head.

A Gentleman going to take Water at *White-hall-Stairs*, cried out as he came near the Place, *Who can swim?* I, Master, said forty bawling Mouths. The Gentleman, observing one sinking away, called after him; but the Fellow turning about, said, *Sir, I cannot swim.* Then you are my Man, said the Gentleman; for you will at least take care of me, for your own Sake.

A Person remarkable for the Stiffness of his Carriage, and always walking with his Head very high, was praised in the Company of a droll Fellow, for being a good Astronomer. *I don't wonder he should be a good Astronomer,* said he, *for he is always gazing at the Stars.*

An Irishman, in *Dublin*, who wanted to come to *England*, went to a Captain of a Ship to agree for his Passage. The Captain told him what he would have; to which the Irishman agreed, provided he would take another Ship along with him. *Why,* says the Captain, *what should I do with another Ship?* Arrab now, Honey, I will tell you, says Teague: *Because if your Ship should be cast away, then you shall have the other Ship ready to carry me the Remainder of my Journey.*

In

In the Heat of an Engagement, a Sailor took his wounded Comrade on his Shoulders ; and, carrying him down to the Surgeon, the Fellow in his Way lost his Head. *Why*, says the Surgeon, *do you bring me a Man without a Head?* *Oh*, says the Sailor, *he told me he had only lost his Leg ; but he was always a lying Dog.*

An *Irishman* was asked, which was oldest, he, or his Brother ? *I am eldest*, said he ; *but if my Brother lives three Years longer, we shall be both of an Age.*

An *Irishman*, being in a Storm at Sea, ran to the Captain, and desired he would let him lock up his Goods in some Place of Safety. The Captain, seeing him a poor ragged Fellow, ask'd him, What Goods he had got ? *Arrab, Honey*, says *Teague*, *I have got a Knife, a Tobacco-Box, and a Pair of Gold-colour'd Buckles ; and I must desire you to lock them up fast, that, if we should be cast away, I may know where to find them.*

A Gentleman of *Ireland*, being at *Bath* for the Recovery of his Health, *Mr. Nash* contracted an Intimacy with him, and they used frequently to visit each other *sans Ceremonie*. One Winter's Morning, *Mr. Nash* went into the Gentleman's Chamber before he was up, when finding the Window-shutters open, and Bed-curtains not drawn ; *I think, Sir*, says

Nash, you lie very airy with your Shutters and Curtains open; one would think it was Summer, by you. To which the Gentleman (who was very apt to make little Blunders) replied, *Indeed, Mr. Nash, it is not for the Sake of the Air that I leave them open, but only I like to see Day-light, when I chance to wake in the Night.*

A Lady came one Day to a famous Astrologer, and desired that he would tell her what it was made her uneasy. The Astrologer drew a long Scrawl, and began to discourse about all the Signs and their different Houses; *Come, Sir, says the Lady, throwing him down a Crown, if there's any Thing in your Art, answer my Question, and there's Money for you.* Madam, says he, still poring upon his Figure, *have not you lately lost something?* Yes, in troth, Sir, says she, *the Five Shillings I have just given you.*

An Irishman, being asked if he understood French? Reply'd, *Yes, Foy, I understand French perfectly well, provided it's spoken in Irish.*

A Fidler, that was blind, came to speak with a Gentleman that was a great Benefactor to him. The Gentleman's Servant ran hastily to his Master, saying, *Sir, the old blind Fidler is come to see you.*

Some

Some good Companions, being very merry together, fell into a Discourse concerning Beards; and some pretended to conjecture others Qualities and Conditions, by their Beards. At last, in Continuance of the Discourse, one who had a red Beard, and Hair much of the same Colour, was very desirous to know what they thought of him? *Why, I should guess,* said another, *by your Cow-colour'd Beard, that you are a Calf.*

A Lady, being at a Wedding, and overstraining herself a little, let a great Fart; at which she blush'd so much, and was in such Confusion, that she was forced to quit the Chamber, nor could any one persuade her to come in again: But happening to leave her Gloves in a Chair, near a Gentleman that sat by her, she bid one of the Maids fetch them away, but the Maid excused herself, as did the other also. At last she goes in herself, without taking Notice of any Person, but the Gentleman, to whom she said, *Did you see, Sir?* and then stopt. *Did I see what, Madam?* said the Gentleman. *Why,* continued she, *forgetting her Gloves; did ye see, Sir? did ye see my Fart?* At which the whole Company burst out in a Laughter, and with much a-do persuaded her to stay; and end their Mirth together.

A Country Farmer, riding to a merry Meeting on an easy Horse, drank very plentifully 'till Night came on, and his Senses fled. One of the

Company resolved to pass a Joke upon him, by persuading the rest to mount him on his Horse, with his Face to the Tail, and turn the Horse loose, who knew very well the Way Home. So up they mounted him, and away went the Horse a Foot-pace, 'till the Farmer fell fast asleep. In an Hour's Time the Horse was at Home, and presently fell a neighing. His Wife came with a Candle in her Hand; and, seeing her Husband in that Condition, began to take on bitterly, and waking him, told him the Greatness of his Sin, &c. Upon which he rubs his Eyes; and, looking about, cries out in a great Passion, *Pub! hold your Tongue, Woman: Nothing vexes me so much, as that the plaguy Regues should cut my Horse's Head off.*

A *Templer*, going at *Christmas* into *Yorkshire* to see his Father, took some other *Templers* along with him; and, in one of the Holidays, he would have 'em to an Alehouse hard by, where the Woman was deaf. Coming thither, *Oh! my young Master*, says she, *I han't seen you these seven Years.* Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, *Here's to thee, and to all the Regues, Whores and Bawds in England.* She seeing his Lips go, but hearing him not, said, *Come, Sir, I'll pledge you; for I know you drink to your Father, and your Mother, and those good Gentlewomen your Sisters.*

A Countryman,

A Countryman, that lived at *London* three Years, when he went Home, a Friend asked him, *If he saw Whitehall?* No, says he. *Nor the Tower?* says the other. No, says he. *Strange!* replied his Friend, *What could be the Reason of it?* *Why truly,* says he, *the Keeper of Newgate was so cross a Fellow, he would not let me out to see any Thing.*

A very harmless *Irishman*, drinking some White Wine mixt with a little Claret: *Arrah,* now, dear Honey, said he, *if a little Claret gives such a delicious Taste, how would White Wine taste, if it was all Claret?*

One was very gravely saying, there were two Sorts of Fish allowed to be carried upon a *Sunday*, and that was *Milk and Mackrel.*

A Citizen's Wife being in the Country, and seeing a Goose that had many Goslings; *How is it possible,* said she, *that one Goose should suckle so many Goslings?*

Beau Nash once complimenting a Lady, told her, among other Things, that he should like to pass his Days with her. To which the Lady replied, *You are an agreeable Companion, Mr. Nash, and I might perhaps like to pass my Days with you; but for my Nights, I would rather beg to be excused.*

Ben Johnson met a young Gentleman of his Acquaintance, early one Morning, very much in Liqueur; and, enquiring where he had been, the Gentleman.

Gentleman replied, that he had been all Night at a Concert of Music. *Very likely, answered Ben, for I perceive you have drank to some Tune.*

One came into an Inn, and asked the Host how long he had lived there? *About three Days, Sir, said he. Then pray, said the other, how many Barrels do you draw in a Week?*

Two Gentlemen being in the Middle of the *Thames*, in a Pair of Oars, one of them was affronted by the Waterman; *Sirrah, says the other Gentleman, hold your Prating, or else I'll knock your Head and the Wall together.*

An *Irishman*, being asked why he fled from his Colours? Reply'd, *my Heart is as good as any Man's in the Regiment; but I protest my cowardly Legs would run away with me, whatever I could do.*

There was a Show in a Village in *Gloucestershire*, and some Countrymen had got the Drummer belonging to it, to beat at an Alehouse Door. A Woman, who was passing by, stopp'd and look'd very earnestly at the Drummer, during his Performance. When he had done, *Pray, Gaffer, says she, what Song was that you beat on your Drum?* The Man reply'd, He had beat a Point of War. *Ecod, says the Woman, it is rare Musick! therefore here's a Penny for you, Gaffer; but then give us a Quart of it.*

A merry

A merry Collection of CONUN-
DRUMS, REBUSSES, RID-
DLES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

WHY is a young Woman with Child like
an old Lady of Fourſcore ?

Because ſhe goes double.

When is a Woman in haſte to curl her Hair ?

When ſhe wants to go out ſtraight.

Why is a Smith like a Ferry Man ?

Because his Buſineſs is to work Ore.

Why is a Horſe that is conſtantly rid, though
never fed, never ſtarv'd ?

Because he's never without a Bit.

Why is a Bonfire like the Queen of Hungary's
Army ?

Because it is attended with Huzzas.

Why is a young Fellow, who is encourag'd in
Vice by another, like the Ice upon a Twelfth-
Cake ?

Because he's egg'd-on.

Why is Paper like a Beggar ?

Because it is compos'd of Rags.

Why is a Dancing-maſter like a Cook ?

Because he cuts Capers.

Why is a Summer's Day like a Paſſionate
Man ?

Because it is Hot.

Why

Why is a stale Mushroom like an old Maid ?

Because it's Magotty.

Why is a furly Dog like a Sharper ?

Because he bites.

Why is a smart Girl like a Nobleman ?

Because she is laced.

Why is a hunted Hare like a leaky Barrel ?

Because it runs.

Why is the Monument like a proud Man ?

Because it's lofty.

Why is a Man's Toes like an Ironmonger's Shop ?

Because they have Nails in them.

Why is a Book like a Fruit-tree in Spring ?

Because it is full of Leaves.

Why is a Woman's Tongue like a good Clock ?

Because it never stands still.

Why is a Red-haired Lady like a Band of Soldiers ?

Because she bears Fire-locks.

Why is a Man on Horse-back like a Fan ?

Because he is Mounted.

Why is a Barrel of Beer, almost drawn out, like a Country Waggon ?

Because it is Tilted.

Why is a Taylor like a Sprout ?

Because he will Cabbage.

Why is a good Cook like a Woman of Fashion ?

Because she dresses well.

To the HOUSE-KEEPER or COOK.

A QUESTION propos'd.

A Woman went to Market and bought 6 Hares, 8 Turkeys, and 10 Geese for 3*l.* 13*s.* Being ask'd, what she gave a Piece for them? She answer'd, if I had bought 1 Hare and 2 Turkeys more, I must have paid 10*s.* more; if I had bought 1 Turkey and 2 Geese more, I must have paid 8*s.* more; and if I had bought 1 Hare and 2 Geese more, I must have paid 9*s.* more. *Query*, The Price of a Hare, a Turkey, and a Goose?

SOLUTION.

SIX Hares, at 4*s.* each, comes to 1*l.* 4*s.*
Eight Turkeys, at 3*s.* each, comes to 1*l.* 4*s.*
And ten Geese, at 2*s.* 6*d.* each, comes to 1*l.* 5*s.*
Total 3*l.* 13*s.*

REBUSSES.

1. **A** Form by which Fortune is frequently known,
And a Male in his Summer of Life,
When added, the Name of a Virgin is shown,
Whom I heartily wish was my Wife.

2. TAKE

2. **T**AKE One-fourth of good Liquor, Three-fourths of a Yard,
It will give you the Name of a Maid I regard.

3. **M**Y Waistcoat; Coat, and Breeches too,
Expose my Charmer's Name to view;
And ev'ry Porter's brawny Thigh,
Can tell her Name, as well as I.

4. **W**HAT's done when we buy, and done
when we play,
Is the Name of a Lady that's sprightly and gay.

5. **T**HE Mate of a Cock, and Fore-runner
of Wheat,
The Grace of a Cat, and the House of a Hermit,
Is the Name of the Man who was in Music complete.

6. **T**AKE the Devil's short Name,
And much more than a Yard,
You've the Name of the Dame
I shall ever regard.

SOLUTIONS *to the* REBUSSES.

1. **M**ISS *Luckman.*
2. **M**ISS *Ward.*
3. **M**ISS *Button.*

4. **M**ISS *Sellwin.*
5. **M**R. *Henry Purcell.*
6. **M**ISS *Nickell.*

RIDDLES.

R I D D L E S.

1. **M**Y Master often lies with me,
 His Wife I oft' enjoy ;
 Yet she's no Whore, no Cuckold he,
 And true to both am I.
 My Cloaths no Women fit, nor Men,
 They're neither Coat nor Gown ;
 Yet oft' both Men and Maidens, when
 They're naked, have them on.
 What's oft' my Belly, is oft' my Back,
 And what my Feet, my Head ;
 And tho' I'm up, I have a Knack
 Of being still a-bed.

2. **I** More than Womens Fancies change,
 Yet never leave my Post or range.

3. **T**H O' big my Belly, long my Nose,
 And with one Arm I strut ;
 I make the Fair their Foes expose,
 And keep my own Mouth shut :
 They before me their Secrets tell,
 The News of all the Day ;
 And, for my Silence, I'm fed well,
 But empty sent away.
 Yet tho' they love my Company,
 And seem to me so civil ;
 Sometimes you'd swear, they thought that I
 Had Dealings with the Devil.

E

4. MY

4. **M**^Y Mother is a Man,
And all my Sisters too ;
Deny it, if you can,
That what I say is true.
5. **I**'M in every one's Way, yet no Christian I
stop ;
My four Horns ev'ry Day,
Horizontally play,
And my Head is nail'd down at the Top.
6. **I** Daily breathe, yet have no Life,
And kindle Feuds, y^e cause no Strife.
7. **M**^Y Face resembles all Mankind,
I'm ever blind when with the Blind ;
When I'm approach'd by Ladies fair,
I'm just as handsome, I declare ;
And when an ugly Girl I view,
By *Jove*, I'm just as ugly too.
8. **B**Y my Assistance Merchants speak,
Tho' many Seas asunder ;
And yet I'm dumb, and soft, and weak,
And is not that a Wonder ?

SOLUTIONS *to the* RIDDLES.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. A Bed. | 5. A Turnstile. |
| 2. A Weather-cock. | 6. A Pair of Bellows. |
| 3. A Tea-Kettle. | 7. A Looking-Glass. |
| 4. Mrs. Man. | 8. A Pen. |

An EPIGRAM.

YOU've often averr'd I'm the perfectest Wit,
That ever you saw, or convers'd withal yet;
And I, in Return, have as often profess'd,
That, of all Womankind, you're the fairest and
best.

The Assertions of both, are equally true;
For as you laugh at me, so do I laugh at you.

A N O T H E R.

*P*hilander loads his Board with noble Fare,
And ev'ry one that comes, is welcome there:
Be wise, *Philander*, and thou then shalt see,
They love thy *Burgundy*, but laugh at thee.

An IRISH LOVE-LETTER.

ARRAH, my Honey, my Dear, and my Jewel,
I love you far better than Noting at all;
If ye resolve to remain always cruel,
By *Patrick*, I'm sure it will cost me a Fall.
Then take me, my Sweet One, into your good Graces;
Be after consenting, I'll call you my Wife:
I'll make you a Lady, to wear Silk and Laces,
And ride in a Chair all the Days of your Life.

A TRUE TALE of a COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

A Man of Wisdom may disguise
His Knowledge, and not seem too wise;
But, take it for a constant Rule,
There's no concealing of a Fool,
Of this the Instances are plenty,
But One may serve as well as Twenty.

A worthy Knight of good Estate
 Prov'd to be so unfortunate,
 That, with great Cost and fruitless Care,
 He rear'd a Blockhead to his Heir.
 But hoping it would mend the Breed,
 Shou'd he some prudent Damsel wed,
 He sent him out to court a Lady,
 Whose Father he'd engag'd already.
 But first, he charg'd him on his Blessing,
 To keep in Mind this easy Lesson.
Fumtury, says he, what e'er you do,
 Take heed your Words be very few;
 For you'll be counted wise, so long
 As you have Wit to hold your Tongue:
 Then never feed so greedily
 On Custard, Pudding, or sweet Pye;
 Lest your ungovern'd Appetite
 Bring Shame and Sorrow in the Night:
 But *John* shall go, and he'll advise ye,
 And, let me tell you, *John's* no Nissey.
 —Here, *John*, d'you mind, give *Numps* a Touch,
 Whene'er he talks, or eats too much.
 Be sure take heed he don't neglect,
 To pay the old Gentry great Respect;
 And all thy Services express
 In handsome Terms, with good Address.
 Instructed thus, they both took Horse,
 And tow'rs the Lady bent their Course.
 Whilst *John* perform'd the Teacher's Part,
Numps got his Compliments by Heart;
 Which he deliver'd in such Guise,
 They thought him tolerably wise;

He

He held his Tongue, this seem'd to be
 A Token of his Modesty.
 All pass'd on well, 'till Supper came ;
 Oh hateful Meal ! Oh hateful Name,
 Vile Author of poor *Humphry's* Shame !
 From ev'ry Dish, most nicely dress'd,
 The old Lady still supply'd her Guest.
 All with Astonishment beheld
 His Plate oft empty, often fill'd.
 He eat ; *John* pull'd, and pull'd again,
 Thy Pulls, O *John*, were all in vain ;
 For when he had cramm'd up to the Throat,
 In came on Apple-Pye to boot.
 When Madam saw how fond an Eye,
 He cast upon the smoaking Pye,
 She filled his Plate six Inches high.
John gave his Elbow many a Twitch,
 'Thought he, our *John* may kiss my B——
 'Tis Apple-Pye, I'll eat my Fill,
 Let the Consequence be what it will.
 Fatal Resolve ! I dread to tell
 The Consequences which besel.
 Let sordid Nightmen do the rest,
 Who relish the unsav'ry Jest.
 My dainty Muse would fain have done ;
 But Truth commands, she must go on.
 'Tis for Repentance now too late ;
 The Fish has gorg'd the slippery Bait.

In the best Bed the 'Squire must lie,
 And *John* in Truckle-Bed hard by ;
 Who slept, 'till bitter Voice and Groan,
 At Midnight cry'd, O help ! dear *John*,
 Or else for ever I'm undone.

For

For Heav'n's sake, find some Excuse,
 'The devilish Apple-Pye's broke loose ;
 And as I lain upon't, and roll'd it,
 The Bed's scarce big enough to hold it.
John wak'd, and thus began to pray,
 The Devil take all Fools I say ;
 Why, choak ye, eat it up again,
 And lick the Sheets and Bolster clean.
 —What can be done ? here take my Shirt
 And I'll come wallow in the Dirt.
 Do you get up as soon as Light,
 I'll lye, and try to set all right.
 So said, so done, up got the 'Squire,
 And *John* lay tumbling in the Mire.
 He lay 'till two brisk Lasses come,
 To make the Bed and clear the Room ;
 Soon in the damask Bed, Friend *John*
 Was spy'd Half bury'd in the Down.
 What's here ? quoth *Nell*, as I'm alive,
 The Master rose soon after Five.
 Here is the Man, a lazy Loon,
 Intends to lie a-bed 'till Noon.
 Quoth *John*, I've had a tedious Night,
 That Truckle-Bed has lam'd me quite.
 I turn'd in here to take some Rest,
 This is a comfortable Nest :
 One Nap, dear Girls, is all I beg.
 —A Nap, *Sue*, give him some cold Pig.
 Come, come, says *John*, don't play the Fool ;
 I'm laxative, you'll make me pull
 And straining hard, will force a Stool.
 They pull'd : *John* squeez'd, and gave a Grunt,
 And out he leap'd—good Faith, I've don't :

E'en

Even thank yourselves.—Away run *Nell*
And *Sue*, Half poison'd with the Smell.

This Story slipt not, you may swear,
But quickly reach'd the Master's Ear.
His Worship tickled with the Whim,
Cou'd not forbear at Dinner-time
To banter *John*; nor did he fail,
T' enlarge upon the curious Tale.
But, seeing *John* with Shame cast down,
He frankly tipt him Half a Crown.
John bow'd—Young Master sitting by,
Seeing the Prize, with envious Eye,
Into *John*'s Fob directly go,
Cry'd out aloud, Why *John*, you know,
The Half Crown is by Right my Due,
'Twas I be—t the Bed, not you.

Oh! Blunder! never to be mended;
This one wise Speech, the Courtship ended!
Home trotted *John* in doleful Dumps;
And far behind sneak'd hopeful *Numps*:
And Madam, thus diverted by her 'Squire,
Found out a cleaner Lover to lie by her.

An EPIGRAM.

BE not vain of your fancy'd Success, I desire
you,
Nor think that I love you, because I admire you;
A Monster does, doubtless, deserve Admiration,
As much as the prettiest Girl in the Nation;
And hourly Experience, *Corinna*, will show ye,
A *Granny* is star'd at, as much as a *Chloe*.

The

The BAD BARGAIN on BOTH SIDES.

A T A L E.

TWO *Welchmen* Partners in a Cow,
 Resolv'd to sell her dear,
 And laid their Heads together how
 To do't at *Ludlow Fair*.

It was a sultry Summer's Day
 When out they drew the Beast,
 And having got about Half Way,
 They sat them down to rest.

The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,
 (The Place with Grass being stor'd)
 Fed by ; and while she was a feeding,
 Let fall a mighty T—.

Roger, quoth *Hugh*, I tell thee what,
 Two Words and I have done ;
 If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
 The Cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,
 And to't he went apace ;
 He seem'd so eager set, 'tis said,
 That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
 And up he slopt his Stuff ;
 'Till by the Time that Half was done,
 He felt he had enough.

He

He felt, but scorning to look back,
Would look as if he wanted more ;
And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,
With as much Vigour as before.

But stopping short awhile, he cry'd,
How far'lt thou Neighbour *Hugh* ?
I hope by this you're satisfy'd,
Who's Master of the Cow.

Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh* (the Devil choke thee,
For nothing else can do't)
I'm satisfy'd that thou hast broke me,
Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out, quoth *Roger*, that were fine,
Why what have I been doing ?
But yet I tell thee Friend of mine,
I shall not seek thy Ruin.

My Heart now turns against such Gains,
I know thou'rt piteous Poor ;
Eat thou the Half that still remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's Blessing on your Heart, quoth *Hugh*,
That Proffer none can gain-say ;
With that he readily fell too,
And eat his Share o'th' Tanzy.

Well now, quoth *Hodge*, we're e'en, no doubt,
And neither Side much Winner ;
So had we been, quoth *Hugh*, without
This damn'd confounded Dinner.

An EPIGRAM.

MY Heart still hov'ring round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three Months afunder,
How I liv'd with ye is the Wonder.

A BULL SONG.

IN the Days of my Youth, I was sensible crazy,
And courted a Lass that was active and lazy;
Her Eyes were as Black as the Snow in December,
Her Teeth were as White as a Snow in November,
Oh! the lovely Sally Poker:

Oh! the lovely, &c.

The Skin of this aged young Girl was so Yellow,
'Twould conquer the Heart of any young Fellow;
Her Lips were as Red as a boil'd Piece of Mutton:
Her pretty wide Mouth was as round as a Button,

Oh! the lovely, &c.

Her white swelling Breasts were as flat as a Trencher,
As Fair as the Conscience of any old Wencher;
Her lovely thick Waist was surprizingly slender:
Her Hands were so hard they were supple and tender,

Oh! the lovely, &c.

With Transports I shut both my Eyes to behold her,
And thus all my Mind, in deep Silence I told her:

"I love you, my Dear, as a Thief does a Halter;

"And, if you'll consent your Condition to alter,

"Arrab, will I marry you, dear Sally Poker:

"Arrab, will I marry you," &c.

F I N I S.

